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## A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

HOLLAND—ROTTERDAM.

THE noble stand which the Dutch have made in all periods of their history in favour of rational freedom—their extraordinary industry and perseverance under many disadvantages—and, in particular, their widely organised system of public instruction—had long inspired me with the wish of visiting Holland, in order to observe personally the social condition of its people, and if possible to learn something which might be advantageously made known to my countrymen at home. In the autumn of the present year I was at length enabled to put this desire in execution, and found a sufficiency of time to spend a few weeks in the Low Countries, as well as in the districts on the Upper Rhine. I now offer the following rough sketches of my observations, in the hope that they may afford some matter of entertainment to the readers of the Journal.

On the morning of the 1st of August we left London in the *Giraffe*, a well-appointed steam-vessel, for Rotterdam, which we expected to reach in about twenty-six hours.\* The morning was beautiful and calm, and the sail down the Thames as delightful as it usually is in the exhilarating atmosphere of an autumnal day. On leaving the mouth of the river, the vessel pursued an easterly course towards the coast of Holland, which first came into sight early next morning. The view was any thing but striking, though to me full of moral interest. Along the dull and misty horizon, a strip of low land, composed of sandy mounds, met the eye, while here and there the top of a church steeple, a windmill, or group of trees, rose above the universal level. On approaching the mouth of the Maas—a large branch of the Rhine on which Rotterdam stands—the sea became brown and sandy, and the navigation was exceedingly difficult, owing to the number of large sand-banks which here encumber the sea in all directions. Sometimes it is found impossible to carry vessels up the river by this channel, and they are taken round to another large branch of the Rhine farther westward, by Helvoetsluys and Dort, which is of course attended with a loss of several hours.

The state of the tide being favourable, our vessel was dexterously carried over the difficult bar at the entrance to the Maas, and sailed up the river without any impediment. The Maas appeared to me to be as large as the Thames, with flat green banks, ornamented with rows of poplars and willows, and beyond them lay extensive fields devoted to the grazing of large herds of cattle. Briel is the first Dutch village that comes into view in ascending the river. It lies on the left bank,† enclosed within a wall at a short distance from the water, and the tops of its houses and spire of its church are alone discernible. A better view is obtained of a small suburb on the river, and from that a boat with custom-house officers, according to custom, visited the vessel. Briel is interesting as being the birth-place of the Dutch admirals Tromp and De Witt, whom I shall by and bye have occasion to mention in connection with scenes which I visited. Having passed Briel, the next place of any interest which occurs, is Schiedam, on the right or opposite bank. It also stands back from the river, but is reached by canals, and is conspicuous both by the smoke which issues from the chimnies of its distilleries, and the vast num-

ber of windmills which environ it. The whole horizon, in fact, in the direction of Schiedam, seems animated with life and bustle. In one point of sight we counted upwards of sixty windmills, all whirling round to a gentle breeze, and raising ideas in our minds of the industry, peace, and plenty, which prevail in the land. Schiedam, as is well known, is the chief seat of the manufacture of gin, or Hollands, as we call it in England. The quantity of that spirit produced here annually is very great, there being in Schiedam as many as two hundred distilleries, while thirty thousand pigs are supported by the refuse of the malt employed in the manufacture. The gin of Schiedam, which I had afterwards various opportunities of tasting, is strong in quality but mild in flavour, and is usually sold in Holland for ninepence a bottle, or four shillings and sixpence a gallon—the price of the gallon on its importation into England being increased by freight and duties to about seven or eight and twenty shillings.

After threading its way among the islands and shoals of the Maas, our steam-vessel towards noon shot in sight of Rotterdam, which lies on the right bank of the river, and is not seen till almost close upon it. The prospect was different from any thing we had previously known. We beheld stretching along the river for about a mile in length, and facing the south-west, a row of tall and massive trees in full leaf, behind which rose a line of houses to the height of four or five stories, and, though mostly built of dark-coloured brick, having, with their lofty doors and windows, an aspect of princely grandeur. This was the far-famed Boompies, a street which has no parallel in Europe, and strikes every stranger with surprise. In front of the trees was the quay or retaining wall close on the water, and here lay a number of large merchant vessels of different nations, discharging their cargoes; also several steam-vessels carrying the Dutch or English flag, and engaged in coasting, or communicating with the Upper Rhine. Having submitted to a cursory exhibition of passports and luggage, the passengers were allowed to walk on shore, and betake themselves to their different hotels, of which there are several of large extent on the Boompies for their accommodation.

Persons who are accustomed to see towns composed of streets with carriage-ways in the centre, behold in Rotterdam much to astonish them. In penetrating through the town from the Boompies, we come to street after street, each consisting of a wide harbour or haven of water in the middle, lined with trees on both sides, and exhibiting a mixture of lofty gable-fronts of houses, trees, and masts of shipping, as odd as it is interesting. Water and water-craft meet the eye in every direction. You find yourself in the midst of a town in which it is difficult to say whether there are a greater number of houses or ships. The deep havens stretch lengthwise and crosswise, like the meshes of a net, through the city; and at every short interval is perceived a drawbridge of white painted wood, constructed with ponderous balancing beams overhead, and raised by means of chains, for the passage of vessels to and fro. The ground beneath the trees is paved with small yellow bricks, and is chiefly occupied as quays for the landing of goods. The space from the trees to the houses is paved in the usual coarse manner as a causeway for carts and carriages, and here the foot passengers are generally obliged to walk, for small outshot buildings, flights of steps to doorways, and such like interruptions, prevent any regular thoroughfare close by the houses. The same inconvenient arrangement prevails in every town in Holland, and the only comfort is, that the streets are more than ordinarily clean for passage on foot. The havens, strange to say,

are in few places protected by chains from the streets, so that there is a constant liability to accidents, particularly at night, when the darkness is but poorly relieved by oil lamps dangling, Parisian fashion, from ropes stretched betwixt the trees and the houses. Latterly, a portion of Rotterdam has been lighted with gas; but, according to a parsimonious plan pursued at Edinburgh, the lamps are not lighted when the moon is expected to shine; so that, during many nights of theoretical moonlight, but practical darkness, a person would require to have a lantern carried before him if he wished to avoid tumbling into one of the many havens which intersect his path.

Having established a place for our temporary residence in the house of a respectable private family, I was speedily enabled to set about making all the inquiries which formed one of the objects of my journey. A very short residence in the town, and subsequent observation, served to convince me that the personal appearance and private character of the Dutch had been much misrepresented in England. The general idea in Great Britain respecting the Hollanders, is, that they are a heavy, lumpy people, slow in their movements, antiquated in their apparel, and altogether odd and grotesque in personal appearance. This, I take leave to say, is a gross misrepresentation. The dress of the people, high and low—with a few trifling exceptions afterwards to be mentioned—did not appear to me to differ from what is seen on the streets of London, the ordinary fashions being precisely the same. The personal bulk of the Dutch is also just what we see in the generality of Englishmen. The women of Holland, and perhaps Rotterdam in particular, are more than ordinarily beautiful. They are handsomely made, and their complexions possess a much greater clearness and freshness than is seen any where else on the continent, or even in any part of Britain.

The situation of the town eminently fits it as the seat of an extensive system of maritime traffic. From the condition of an insignificant fishing village on the Rotte, a small river uniting with the Maas, and from which the name of the place is derived, the city has risen in the course of many centuries to be one of the principal towns of Holland. In the present day we find it, as I have mentioned, bounded on the south side by the Maas, a river at this place as large and deep as the Thames at Gravesend, and by which it holds the readiest communication, both with the sea at the distance of twenty miles, and with the whole of the countries on the Rhine. The waters of the Maas likewise fill and flow through its havens, so as to bring up ships to the very doors of the merchants in every quarter of the city; while on its inland side it has artificial canals, which proceed to every town in the country. The houses of the town have a respectable appearance. They are built of brick, mostly with pointed gable-ends to the streets, and most of them have been erected since the memorable period when the Spaniards were expelled from the country, and the foundation of the independence of the United Provinces was laid. One street running along the centre of the town, called the Hoog Strat, or High Street, differs from all the others, inasmuch as it is a thoroughfare without water in its centre, and of an older appearance than the rest. Here the chief shops of the town are situated, but few of them possess the splendour, or are of the extent one is accustomed to see in British cities, though they are all very clean and neat, and are in many cases attended by well-dressed females. The sign-boards in the Dutch language, which is a harsh branch of the German, are among the most amusing things one sees in the town. The words "Te Koop" frequently occur, as, "Koffij

\* The writer was accompanied by his wife, and was afterwards joined by some London friends in his Rhenish excursion.

† Here and elsewhere the terms *left* and *right* signify the left and right in coming down, not going up, the Rhine; such being the proper geographical definition.

und The te koop," meaning coffee and tea to sell. They reminded me of the old Scotch terms *kofst* (bought), and *koup* (to exchange), which are in all probability from the same Teutonic root.

All these, however, are inferior symptoms of commerce to those which are observable in the streets with the havens. There the houses are constructed strictly with reference to great processes of trade, and in a very peculiar manner, which I am not aware has ever yet been described. Each house may be considered the castle of a merchant, who both resides with his family and carries on the whole of his commercial transactions within the same set of premises. The front part of the building exhibits an elegant door of lofty proportions—fifteen or twenty feet high, for instance—at the head of a flight of steps. On getting a glimpse into the interior, you see a lobby paved with pure white marble, and a stair of the same material leading to the story above, which consists of a suite of lofty rooms, and is the main place of residence of the family. Some of the rooms are finished in a style of great elegance, with rich figured cornices and roofs, silk draperies to the windows, smooth oak floors, and the walls most likely painted as an entire picture or landscape in oil by an artist of eminence. Near to the door of the house is a *port cocher*, or, in plain language, a coach-house door, which on being thrown open from the street discloses a wide paved thoroughfare leading to an inner court, the buildings around which are devoted to the whole warehousing department of the merchant. A small office within the entry, with the word *Kantoor* written over it, points out the counting-house of the great man of the establishment. Such is a merchant's house of Rotterdam. The bulk of the edifices of this great trading city are of the kind I describe, and therefore it may be readily supposed, that with little outward show a prodigious deal of solid business is transacted. On being conducted through a few of the establishments, I have felt surprise at the extraordinary amount of goods which were piled away in places where nothing of the kind could be supposed by a stranger to exist.

Rotterdam, with a population of eighty thousand persons, is essentially a city of merchants. It has no aristocracy of birth or rank. Merchants are the greatest of its citizens, and in themselves constitute an aristocracy which has no parallel any where except in Amsterdam. They are an unostentatious hard-tolling set of men, and seem to confine their attention to their own private circle and their business. Though in many instances possessing much wealth, they very rarely show any fancy for recreations of a refined character; and from all I could learn, the general taste for literature is at a remarkably low ebb.

No people have such a perfect knack of making money in a quiet way as the Dutch. They compensate by long-enduring industry, or drudging, as some would term it, for the equally enriching enterprise and restless activity of the English. They attain the same end, but by a somewhat different means. Perhaps the repeated disasters of their country have taught them to be distrustful. Many of them, as I was informed on different occasions, scrupulously adhere to a practice of keeping always at least one-third of their savings in the form of hard cash in a strong box in their own possession. If such be the case, and it is quite consistent with all that I learned of the economical habits of the people, the amount of coined money locked up from public use in Holland must be immense. While at Rotterdam, I was told of various merchants who had realised great wealth by a lifetime of the most assiduous labour in their kantors. One of the most remarkable men of this class is Mr Hoboken, who lives on one of the havens. This individual began life as a merchant's porter, and has in process of time attained the highest rank among the Dutch mercantile aristocracy. He at present owns twenty-three large ships in the East India trade, each, I was informed, worth twenty thousand pounds, besides a large landed estate, and much floating wealth of different descriptions. His establishment is of vast extent, and contains departments for the building and manufacture of all the equipments necessary for ships. This gentleman gives a splendid fête once a-year to his family and friends, at which is exhibited with modest pride the porter's truck which he drew at the outset of his career. One seldom hears of British merchants thus keeping alive the remembrance of early meanness of circumstances.

Since the revolution which separated Holland and Belgium, the foreign trade of Rotterdam has considerably increased in consequence of the migration hither

of merchants with their vessels from Antwerp—the rule of the Dutch being preferred to that of the Belgian government. Upwards of two thousand vessels now enter the port annually, and of these above seventy are East India and Chinese traders, of from five hundred to seven hundred tons burthen. These Indiamen are truly handsome ships, well rigged, manned, and armed, and are not surpassed in sailing powers or durability by any similar class of merchantmen in Europe. At present, eight vessels for the East India trade are building. An Indiaman of a particularly elegant shape was pointed out to me, lying moored in one of the havens. This beautiful vessel had accomplished a voyage to Java, and returned, in the space of five months. I mention these things merely to rectify the common error of imagining that all Dutch vessels are of a clumsy heavy fabric, incapable of competing with English craft. It is time for this vulgar error to be abandoned; as it is calculated to prove as prejudicial to English interests, as it is really silly and unworthy.

The quantity of foreign produce brought to Rotterdam by its shipping, may be easily conceived. Low trucks or waggons drawn by powerful black horses, are constantly seen on the streets, loaded with bags of coffee, sugar, cotton, and other articles; and the number of printed advertisements on the walls, making known public sales of goods just arrived in the port, attest the amount of the traffic carried on. Once so rich in colonial possessions, the nation has lost all but Surinam in South America, and Java in the East Indies. On these, the last mainstays of the country, the Hollanders of all ranks look with parental fondness.

The most remarkable class of shipping which one sees in the havens of Rotterdam, are the very strangely shaped vessels which sail up and down the Rhine, and are the carriers of foreign goods to the interior. These are constructed in the good old Dutch style, flat in the bottom, and rounded at stem and stern, with the timbers of a lightish yellow colour, and so highly varnished as to glance in the sun's beams. They are purposely made of this peculiar fashion, in order to answer the shallowness of the water in the river and on the coasts. The hold not being sufficiently ample to accommodate both goods and navigators, a wooden house is erected on the deck, and in this the whole family of the owners habitually live. These maritime dwelling-houses are by no means on a mean scale. As may be seen by the long row of windows on both sides, as well as by the chimneys and doors, they contain dining and drawing room, sleeping apartments, kitchen, and other accommodations for a large family. The windows are clean, with neat dimity curtains hanging in festoons, and verandahs outside, on which rows of red-painted flower-pots are placed, with some of those plants and rich-coloured flowers for which Holland is celebrated. The interior of the houses is also as neat and ornamental as any modern fashionable dwelling; clear burnished brass stoves, dark mahogany and oak furniture, and other means of comfort, being seen disposed on all sides. Of course I here speak only of the larger of this class of vessels, varying from four to five hundred tons burden. Some are smaller, but all are constructed on the plan of a house on deck for the family of the owner. In proceeding up and down the Rhine, I had various opportunities of watching the management of this curious kind of water-craft. They are all drawn up the river, for perhaps a couple of hundred miles, by horses, which are driven along at the edge, and sometimes considerably within the edge, of the water—the poor hard-wrought animals being yoked to a long rope coming from the top of the mast of the vessel, and are put to the height of their speed by riders, who yell and crack their whips like so many madmen. In coming down the river, the craft sails placidly with the current, and is assisted by sails and powerful rudders, so as to render the navigation comparatively easy. On these occasions the skipper may be seen with a long pipe in his mouth, enjoying the tranquil scene at the door of his dwelling, while the children are sporting round him on the deck, or peering with curiosity on their countenances at the steamer as it shoots past them up the stream. Families may thus be said to be born, live, marry, and die, on the floating craft of the Rhine and its great lower branch the Maas, hardly knowing any thing of dry land except the sight of the willowy banks of the river, and solely interested in the petty traffic that their barks enable them to carry on. Some of the vessels, I perceived, resembled floating shops or depôts of earthenware, a large space on the deck being covered with shelves rising above shelves to a great height, the whole burdened with articles of brown and glazed pottery, the fabrique of Germany, and carried down the Rhine for disposal to the thrifty housewives of Rotterdam and the adjoining districts of Holland.

The stranger in Rotterdam has as much matter for amusing remark in some of the usages of the people, as he can experience in noticing the style of life in the floating habitations of the Rhine. The preservation of the life and health of the inhabitants situated in the midst of so much water, is a subject of constant wonder. In fact, one is apt to inquire if dampness

has the same injurious effects on the constitutions of the Dutch that it is supposed to have on those of the rest of mankind. Both on certain parts of the havens, and on the canals which intersect the town, as also on the *Cingel*, a belt of water anciently answering the purpose of a wet ditch (every Dutch town has its *cingel*, the term being derived from *cingo*, to girdle)—on all these it is observed that lines of houses have been built sheer out of the water, the liquid quiescent mass pressing against the brick walls, and within two or three feet of the lower range of back-windows of the dwellings. Frequently, for ornament and use, small wooden balconies, with tidily painted railings, have been projected from the edifices over the water, and on these are placed slips of green turf and boxes of plants, forming a species of shrubbery in miniature—in short, a back garden, measuring twelve feet by three, and possessing the usual accompaniments of such a valuable domestic convenience. There is not only, however, water in front of the house and behind the house, but also water within the house. Into tanks or dungeons beneath a considerable number of the best order of habitations, the water of the havens flows through channels made for the purpose, and is from these dismal reservoirs pumped up to the kitchens in the higher parts of the dwelling. How far the "pure element" is affected by the circumstance of the havens receiving all the debris of the town, I am unable to say; but the fact of such a practice being pursued, and there being really no other public means of supply of water for the inhabitants, is so curious in city statistics, that I have thought it worth while to mention it. No guide-book omits to warn strangers of the danger of drinking the water of Rotterdam; but though this be attended to, nothing can avert the effects of a moist climate upon both the body and mind of the temporary sojourner in the town. Unfortunately, the domestic establishments of the Dutch are not generally of that description which can afford solacement to those accustomed to the comforts of a British home. The most conspicuous deficiency of the ordinary class of Dutch houses, is the want of plastered ceilings to the rooms, such refinements being found chiefly in the elegant houses of the merchants. Overhead are seen the thick clumsy rafters and deal flooring of the apartment above (painted perhaps a dull green colour), so that, independently of the unsightly appearance to the eye, much petty annoyance is experienced from hearing every movement made in the room in the next story. Then, the want of proper fires is quite intolerable, either in cold weather, or when any article of clothing requires to be dried. Coal is no doubt imported from England, and might be sold at a small rise on the price at Newcastle; but it is so highly taxed, that none but the most opulent are able to purchase it, and nearly all the fuel consumed is a species of native peat and wood, both of which are too expensive to be used in a lavish manner. Few fireplaces on the English plan exist. Houses are heated with stoves of iron, jutting out from the walls into the apartments, and are frequently overhung by huge canopies or chimney-braces to receive the fumes, bearing in some cases no distant resemblance to the overhanging canopies of church pulpits, and in tasteful families fringed round with a white muslin tester, like the top of a good old-fashioned bed. In houses of modern date, the stove stands in a rounded recess in the wall; but in whatever way it is, the mode of heating is unpleasant, not only to the sense of sight, but of smell. The aroma of peat scents the atmosphere, and, united with the odour of tobacco, forms a breathing fluid, possibly antiseptic in its nature, though any thing but agreeable to the feelings of those who are accustomed to inhale the unpolluted and bracing air of England.

It is pleasing to turn from the consideration of these little grievances, which after all a stranger has no reason to complain of, to the out-of-door sights and scenes which a foreign country presents to our inspection. One of the first public buildings to which I paid a visit was the Stadt House, a large modern structure, in the Grecian style of architecture, at the centre of the city, where the whole public business of the civic authorities is conducted. By the kindness of one of the functionaries, I was conducted, along with my friend and interpreter Mr Schultze, over this large establishment. Lofty lobbies, staircases, and corridors, lead to the apartments of the burgo-master and his council. We have nothing, as far as I am aware, in the town-halls of this country, to match with this public structure. The principal room is large and lofty in size, with walls of marble, and plentifully decorated with large mirrors, reaching nearly from the roof to the ground. In the centre of the apartment is a long table, with seats for the members of the Raad, or Council, twenty-five in number, who are elected to office by a constituency appointed by the householders. From this public hall, which, elegant as it was, fell much short of what I afterwards saw at Amsterdam, I was conducted to the dome on the summit of the edifice, from which a most extensive prospect of the town and country around is to be obtained. Looking southwards across the city, the Maas was perceived winding majestically onwards to the sea, with the rich plains of Beyorland on the opposite banks, and the lofty turrets of Dort in the distance. Turning towards the north-west, a large part of the extensive sea-bordered territory of Holland lay spread out as far as the eye could reach. The church towers of Scheidam and Delft seemed quite at hand, while the spires of the



Hague, farther distant, were observed rising from the masses of trees which spread away towards the edge of the horizon. Gouda lay more in an easterly direction, while innumerable pretty villages sprinkled over the scene, and armies of windmills in every quarter, served to decorate and fill up the landscape. But one material point still remains to be adverted to. In the direction of Scheidam, Delft, and the Hague, there was apparently about as much water as dry ground. The land was full of lakes, or the lakes were full of land—it is all the same which; and then the land was so singularly flat, green, and richly pastoral, with here and there straggling herds of those beautifully spotted cattle which Paul Potter loved so well to depict on his canvases. When a stranger sees this extraordinary scene, lighted up and clothed in all the glory of summer, and reflects for a moment on the centuries of industry which have been employed to snatch so much valuable territory from the waves of the German Ocean, he will own that there is more moral interest in the subject of his contemplation than belongs to any equal extent of country on the globe.

#### A STEAM-BOAT ROMANCE.

THE signal-bell at the end of the Chain Pier of New-haven was tolling its final peal, announcing the arrival of the hour for the departure of the good steam-boat "The Morning Star" for Stirling, when a young lady hurried forward just in time to be received into the number of the vessel's passengers. The ding-dong ceased, the pure white vapour issuing from the chimney of the steamer was exchanged for a stream of sooty smoke, and in a few moments the prow of the Morning Star was briskly pushing its way through the waves of the Firth. The morning being a beautiful one of June, crowds of passengers filled the deck, presenting a most promiscuous assemblage, and one that afforded much curious food for a contemplative eye and mind. Here sat a merry group, gay and smiling, laughing over and anon "the heart's laugh." There stood a sorrowing widow, her eye fixed upon the bright waves, but all unobservant of their beauty; for her thoughts were wandering at the moment through the long vista of departed years, and conjuring up hours of bliss—fled for ever! Hard by sat a grey-haired countryman, stroking with affectionate hand the shaggy coat of his faithful dog, beloved the more at that instant because affording a memorial of herds and flocks far, far away. By the countryman's side sat his daughter, bending with looks of unutterable love over the rosy face of the infant that slumbered on her knee. This pair looked as if returning from a visit—perhaps their first—to the capital; and, judging from the pleased yet arch smile which played upon the old man's countenance, we might imagine him musing upon the looks of wonder which would attend his fireside descriptions of all the grand things he had seen.

To describe, however, all the individuals and groups assembled on the deck of the Morning Star on this sunny day of June, would be tiresome, and, moreover, unnecessary, since it is with two personages only that we have at present to do. One of these was a young man, dressed ambitiously and elaborately, and who made himself conspicuous by walking up and down the deck, humming a little French air, which seemed to please himself remarkably. At times he would stop and examine his boots, pointing his toes, and turning the foot outwards and inwards, as if the contour of the whole appeared to his eye a fine exemplification of those "lines of beauty" spoken of by artists. At other moments, the points of his fingers, and the buttons of his surtout, became the objects of equally satisfactory examination. By way of varying these processes, he would occasionally switch his fishing-rod in the air, or raise his pendant eye-glass, and examine, with a smile of patronising condescension, the faces of all on board. Such was one of the two individuals already alluded to. The other was a young lady—the same whose entrance into the steam-boat had taken place immediately before the final tinkle of the Chain Pier bell. Mary Græme (for such was her name) had just reached the interesting age of seventeen. She was now returning home, after having spent a winter in Edinburgh, whither she had gone for the purpose of receiving her educational finish, or getting finished, as the more common phrase is. Unfortunately for herself, Mary, who was naturally warm-hearted, sensitive, and generous, had been left an orphan in infancy, and had fallen under the care of a maiden aunt, a person who had long survived the sentimental period of life, yet who had accustomed herself to depend for daily food and excitement upon the pages of romance. This lady most injudiciously permitted her niece to resort from childhood to the same quarter for mental occupation. Naturally fond of reading, Mary devoured all the marvels of fiction that came before her; and hence it was, that, as she grew up to womanhood, her little brain became a most extraordinary labyrinth, where ideas of "crossed affections," "ill-fated love," and "broken hearts," were mixed and mingled in most admired disorder. The winter which Mary had spent in Edinburgh had given her a taste of somewhat better training, but the period was too short to eradicate the ideas which had been planted in her mind for years. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that one of the principal causes of regret to Mary Græme at this very time, while she was on her way homewards in the Morning Star, was, that all her days had hitherto passed away without her ever

having been once in love, or having met with a single adventure.

Mary Græme had not been long on board the steam-boat, until the gentleman with the fishing-rod, surt-out, and boots, became the object of her especial observation. She at once traced a resemblance between him and the hero of the last novel she had read—a tale, by the bye, which had particularly delighted her, from the circumstance of its ending with the deaths of no less than four unhappy couples, who were immediately followed to the grave, according to rule, by their sorrowing parents; thus creating a mortality of some twenty-four persons in all, not to mention a few grandfathers and grandmothers, who were extinguished on the same lamentable occasion. The leading character of this tale of woe was just such a person, Mary was sure, as the gentleman with the fishing-rod. Perhaps this disciple of Walton had seen the young lady's glance of interest, for, ere the vessel had gone far, he came near her, and, opening a volume of engravings, offered them for her inspection. How could she refuse a piece of civility accompanied by a bow so graceful, so respectful, and so insinuating? The plates were looked at. Remarks on the scenery they depicted were unavoidable. Then followed some converse on the weather, on the scenery of the Forth; and in less than an hour, Mary and the stranger were discoursing with the animation and intimacy of old friends. He of the fishing-rod spoke, with the taste of an amateur, of the effects of light and shade, and the harmony of colours; he related many anecdotes of adventure, and told how often he used to wander alone in the lonely Highland glens, where no living being was within miles of him, though he often longed (he confessed) for the company of some one to sweeten solitude—for the society, in short (and here he looked tenderly upon Mary), of a "kindred spirit." The pair talked of music, and on this subject the stranger delivered himself in terms of rapture, dilating on the beauty of foreign music, and speaking of "amor mio" and "di tanti palpiti" in a way that proved to Mary his complete familiarity with the arcana of this elegant art. When the young lady gave her preference to the Scottish music, the stranger only looked an interesting negation. "He is good-tempered, as well as intelligent and accomplished. And then so elegant in appearance he is! So pale—so interestingly pale! Such dark looks! And eyes so expressive!" Such were Mary's thoughts of this casual companion of the steam-boat.

The subject of novels served the pair to talk about till Stirling Castle came in view, and found Mary more impressed than ever, for she had discovered her new acquaintance to be as well read as herself in works of fiction. When the vessel neared the castle, the stranger's looks became overcast with sadness. Nor was the cause left in doubt or mystery. He would fix his eyes on the young lady, repeat emphatically some line upon *separations* and *farewells*, openly express the hope that they would meet again, and repeatedly declare the passing day to have been the happiest of his life. All this was new, as it was pleasing, to the girl of seventeen. Her timidity kept her silent; but the stranger read her feelings in her looks. He told her again and again how severe a pang it gave him to part from her. The unsophisticated and romantic Mary dropped a tear—and this was all her reply. At length the vessel reached the shore, and Mary saw happy faces smiling and nodding to her from the old phaeton which waited her arrival. They were the family of her elder sister, who now inhabited with her husband the house in which Mary had been born. The stranger turned to her and bade her adieu, and in a few moments Mary had landed and found herself whirling along the road towards the home of her infancy, which she had not visited for some years, and then only for a short time along with the aunt formerly mentioned. It was with some difficulty that Mary could rouse herself from thoughts of her late adventure so far as to reply with attention to the numerous questions which were put to her by her present companions. The sight of her ancient home, which they came in sight of after a drive of considerable length, was effectual for a time in withdrawing Mary from all thoughts of the stranger of the fishing-rod. She could not look on the ivy clustering around the window of the room—the nursery where a deceased mother had hung over her cradle—without feelings of fond regret and veneration being awakened in her bosom, to the exclusion of all others for the moment. Even an incident which occurred before the phaeton reached the door of the old house, could not banish these natural remembrances. A gentleman on horseback passed the carriage, so like, so very like the stranger, that Mary was almost sure it was he. But the phaeton next moment turned up the avenue, and Mary was speedily in the arms of her sister.

It was late in the same evening when Mary retired to rest. Before she laid her head on the pillow, the whole details of the steam-boat adventure were poured into the ear of her intimate friend Miss Stanley, a young lady of congenial disposition, and who had come on a visit to the house for the very purpose of meeting Mary. Miss Stanley listened with breathless attention, and then the friends entered with their whole heart and soul into the question, "Who can he be?" Various professions were suggested as suitable to the character he had displayed. He might be a poet or an artist, either professionally or as an amateur. Whatever he might be, Mary was sure that he was a

gentleman, because he had related so many anecdotes connected with people of rank and fortune. "I know of no one," said Miss Stanley, "at all suiting his description in this neighbourhood, excepting Lord Castlefynne, the eldest son of the Earl of Moredun. This young nobleman came over the other day from the continent, and I haven't had a chance of seeing him yet, but they say he is handsome and accomplished. By the bye, I heard a servant say that he rode past the house to-day just about the time of your arrival. What a pity that you did not see him!" "I did see him," cried Mary; "it must be Lord Castlefynne!" She then told Miss Stanley that a person, at least extremely like the stranger of the boat, had passed the carriage just when it arrived. The friends were brought to conviction by this circumstance. The interesting gentleman with the fishing-rod must have been Lord Castlefynne, and he must have procured a horse for the very purpose of following the carriage and discovering Mary's residence. Mary went to bed, and dreamt all night of castles, coronets, and fishing-rods.

On descending at rather a late hour next morning to the breakfast-room, the two friends found a basket of fruit on the table, which had been sent to Miss Mary Græme at an early hour, without note or name. "It must be from him," whispered Miss Stanley; "you know the distance from Moredun Park is a mere trifle." The idea was delightful; and as Mary indulged the ambitious thoughts which followed in its train, she almost wondered how her sister could look so happy with a husband who had neither wealth nor title. On the evening of the same day, Mary and Miss Stanley took a ramble to a neighbouring hill, commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country. From its summit Moredun Park was visible, glowing in beauty beneath the westering sun. Being, as we have said, equally romantic as her friend, Miss Stanley's converse only served to nourish in Mary's breast the hope of being one day mistress of this beautiful region—Countess of Moredun. On returning home, the young ladies heard a proposal made that they should go on the following Sunday to a church at some distance. As it was the church attended by the Moredun family, Mary consented to the proposal with an eagerness which she could with difficulty conceal. Sunday came, and, arrayed in her most elegant attire, our heroine set out for church with her friends. The morning was delightfully tranquil, and invited naturally to the thoughts which are congenial to the day of rest; but Mary's thoughts were all turned upon one point—the anticipation of seeing the unknown one. The party entered the church. Mary looked timidly at all the principal pews. He of the fishing-rod was not to be seen. The service was about to begin, and at the same moment the sunbeams burst through the old windows with golden splendour, shedding a sidelong light upon the time-worn pulpit and its crown-like canopy. The rays played among the white locks of the venerable clergyman, as he rose and read the psalm. When he had finished, the precentor rose, and in doing so brought his head also fully into the line of the sun's radiance. As his voice sounded the first note, Mary Græme raised her startled head, and saw—in the precentor's box—the unknown! At first, she doubted. "No! it cannot be he!" she thought; "it must be merely a resemblance!" But she looked and looked again, and conviction of the identity of the man before her with the hero of her late dreams, fell crushingly upon her mind and heart. It was too much for the poor girl to bear. The dream was too abruptly broken! Her breast heaved, and a dazzling sensation passed over her eyes. All seemed moving; the pulpit receded from her view; and in a few moments after the discovery, she fainted!

When she recovered consciousness, she found herself in the cottage of an old dame, who lived near the church. Mary's sister and Miss Stanley were with her, and pressed her to explain to them the cause of her swoon. Mary attributed it to a little sickness merely from some trivial cause, for not even to her dear confidante could she reveal the mortifying discovery which she had made. Shame for her folly and weakness pressed heavily on the mind of the poor girl. To divert attention from her own situation, she listened to the talk of the old woman, who showed the garulosity of age in sufficient force. Mary encouraged her in the desire she evinced to tell all about herself. She had been the wife of a sailor, who had perished in the deep sea, and left her alone in the world—but for Johnny. "Is Johnny your son?" asked Miss Stanley. "Deed an' he is, mem," replied the old woman; "he's just my son. But he does na care for me—that is, he does na care for me as he might do." "Is he not your own child?" exclaimed Miss Stanley, with surprise; "not care for his aged parent!" "I'm no braw enough for him, mem," returned the dame; "he's no a bad-hearted callant, but he wad fain be a gentleman, and I hae nae buik leas; see Johnny thinks na muckle o' his auld mither. It maun be nae great thing to be a gentleman, if to be sae, aye maun lichtly her that bore him. Oh! had he but the true heart o' his father—his brave, honest father!" As she said this, the poor woman put her apron to her eyes, and in a minute or two afterwards a lady came from church, and entered the cottage. She was an old friend of Mary and of the family, and now expressed her regret at observing Mary's swoon, which had caused herself to leave the church before service was concluded. "I have not had time to call for you yet,

my dear Mary," continued the lady, "but the moment I heard of your arrival, I sent a basket of fruit as a token that I had not forgot you. I was sure, my love, you would at once know from whom it came. Why, Mary, my dear, you are still very pale!" "Oh no! better, better! thank you," murmured Mary; but in reality her emotion was renewed by this speech, which, she knew, would reveal to Miss Stanley the folly of their mutual conjectures, in one point at least.

What with Mary's indisposition, and the old woman's talkativeness, more than an hour had passed away since the party had entered the cottage. When our heroine felt herself able to go away, the congregation were seen leaving church. The old woman went with her visitors to the door of the parson, which was waiting for them. Mary turned to bid the dame a grateful adieu, when, behold! the object of her last week's idolatry appeared in the act of crossing the street towards them. A suspicion on the instant passed through Mary's mind. Almost involuntarily she kept her eye upon him. He approached the poor old woman; and one look, one word, was sufficient to assure Mary of the relationship between the parties—to convince her, in short, that the interesting stranger—her perfect gentleman—her exalted hero—her insinuating attendant of the steam-boat—was no other than the widow's "Johnny" and the precentor!

As in these utilitarian days a story is naught without a moral, we are happy to have it in our power to say that these incidents formed a memorable lesson to the party chiefly concerned, and we may therefore hope that others may extract from them the like benefit. They taught poor Mary to long less eagerly for romantic adventures, to form acquaintances and attachments with more caution, and to seek always for better grounds of judging than appearances. In fact, the young lady (for she is still a very young lady) is now in a fair way of becoming a good, common-place sort of a body; and a certain worthy gentleman, of the most quiet and domestic habits, is firmly of opinion that she will make an excellent wife. He means shortly, we believe, to put his opinions to the proof; and from what we have observed, we are strongly impressed with the belief that Mary will grant him the opportunity of witnessing the practical operation of the conjugal virtues he conceives her to possess.

#### MUSIC AS A BRANCH OF EDUCATION.

The moral character and tendencies of music are in general much misunderstood. Music is nothing more than a kind of expression for ideas—a branch of natural language. As words, another branch of language, may be made to represent any feelings, good or bad, so may music; but it is not an essential characteristic of music, any more than of words, that it should tend to express vicious ideas. Just as our common speech may be employed in the act of adoration, in the comforting of the afflicted, in the inculcation of the sublimest moral truths, or to any other good purpose, as well as for the inflammation of all bad passions, and the corruption of all natural goodness, so may music be employed, the intellect and higher sentiments being what direct it to the one class of purposes, while the intellect with the lower sentiments guide it to the other. Another cause of prejudice against music is to be found in the noted results which sometimes follow the endowment of it in individuals. These results we hold to be true in fact; but not necessary, if all were as it ought to be. At present, the public at large are not capable of amusing themselves by means of music. A liking for sweet sounds is nevertheless general. Hence a private individual who can sing or play is greatly appreciated as a means of entertainment, and is apt to be too much into company. For the same reason, we have to resort to public and professional musicians much more than we ought to do. If music were a general accomplishment, no particular individual would be liable to be diverted from the sober pursuits of life, and its pleasures would be oftener partaken of under the sanction of the uncorrupting charities of the domestic circle. So far from having any absolute tendency to encourage intemperance, it has, under fair circumstances, a tendency to quite the opposite effect, being then a substitute pleasure for those fierce revels which it is now too often employed to excite. The Germans, it is well known, were formerly noted for drunkenness; but since music has been taught scientifically in their schools, they have become remarkable for their sobriety. There is now scarcely a member of this nation who cannot take a part in vocal harmony. Meetings for vocal harmony, either of a public or private nature, are matters of every-day occurrence, and are never abused in any respect. This mild and pure enjoyment has indeed, it may be said, displaced the coarse and debasing so-called pleasures which formerly prevailed. So thoroughly has this been ascertained, that, in the large sugar-baking houses of London, where the least proneness to drinking is attended with great danger to life and property, German workmen are invariably employed in preference to Englishmen.

These views, which have oftener than once been urged in the present work, meet with support in "A Lecture delivered on the 29th of May 1838, before the Members of the Sunday School Union, by W. E. Hickson, on the Introduction of Vocal Music as a branch of National Education." Mr Hickson is, we understand, a zealous advocate of musical education,

and one who, not content with advocating his views, has already reduced them to a considerable extent to practice. He is the secretary of a "Society for the Encouragement of Vocal Harmony among all Classes," and appears to have had the chief concern in the preparation of an excellent work entitled the *Singing Master* (Taylor and Walton, London), consisting of five parts, namely, (1) First Lessons in Singing and the Notation of Music, (2) Rudiments of the Science of Harmony, (3) Tunes for a First Class, (4) Tunes for a Second Class, and (5) Hymns. Mr Hickson was also able to illustrate his lecture by the singing of a choir of sixty children from the poor schools of London, all taught upon the plan which he suggests. What chiefly delights us in the *Singing Master*, is the intermixture of many little moral songs with the ordinary glees. These are chiefly composed by Mr Hickson himself, and we could scarcely imagine any thing of the kind better executed. They relate to exactly the class of subjects which all who wish well to the industrious orders would wish to see imprinted on their inmost nature—contentment with their lowly but honourable lot, the blessings that flow from industry, the fostering of the domestic affections, and aspirations for the improvement of society. The improved national anthem presented two weeks ago, in which peace on earth and good will to men are breathed, is a beautiful example: others are here presented.

#### THE LABOURER'S SONG.

Let none but those who live in vain,  
The useful arts of life disdain;  
While we an honest living gain,  
Of labour we will not complain.  
Though some for riches daily mourn,  
As if their lot could not be borne,  
With honest pride from them we turn—  
No bread's so sweet as that we earn.  
With food by our own hands supplied,  
We'll be content whate'er's denied.  
The world would not improve the store  
Of him who feels he wants no more;  
Among the rich, among the great,  
For all their wealth and all their state,  
There's many a heart not half so free  
From care, as humble homestead.

#### CHORUS.

Bright shines the sun to cheer the sons of labour,  
Through the field and workshop let your voices ring;  
Night, when we've done, will bring a friend and neighbour  
Who will join the chorus, so rejoice and sing.

#### THE MIGHT WITH THE RIGHT.

Music by Calcott.

May every year but draw more near  
The time when strife shall cease,  
And truth and love all hearts shall move  
To live in joy and peace.  
Now sorrow reigns, and earth complains,  
For folly still her power maintains;  
But the day shall yet appear  
When the might with the right and the truth shall be;  
And come what there may, to stand in the way,  
That day the world shall see.  
Let good men ne'er of truth despair,  
Though humble efforts fail;  
We'll give not o'er, until once more  
The righteous cause prevail.  
In vain and long, enduring wrong,  
The weak may strive against the strong,  
But the day shall yet appear,  
When the might, &c.  
Though interest pleads that noble deeds  
The world will not regard,  
To noble minds, whom duty binds,  
No sacrifice is hard.  
The brave and true may seem but few,  
But hope keeps better things in view;  
And the day shall yet appear  
When the might, &c.

After these canzonets the reader will be prepared for the following passage from Mr Hickson's lecture, conjoining the finest feeling with the truest wisdom:—

"Here let me protest," he says, "against the doctrine that it is not part, or ought to be no part, of the business of an instructor to teach the means of rational enjoyment to the people. That music is a means of social enjoyment, will be admitted; and that ought to be a sufficient argument for rendering it, if possible, a means of enjoyment to the poorest members of the community. After all that can be done for the melioration of the condition of the working-classes, they will have to submit to quite enough of privation, as compared with the lot of a rich man, without withholding from them any innocent source of pleasure which we might enable them to command.

I have no sympathy with those who think that the duty of individuals, or of legislators, with regard to the masses, ends in teaching them resignation and submission, and in enabling them at best to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow; but who would do nothing to cheer their hearts or gladden their existence, by throwing a little sunshine into the cottage, as if nature had designed them to be merely living, moving, animated machines, existing not for themselves, but solely to furnish the means of gratification to a superior race of mortals.

Happily, however, for the lot of the poor, nature has not left it to our own cold hearts to decide this question. Some amount of pleasurable relaxation from labour is necessary to every condition of animal existence. The slave will have it, though he work in chains for six days out of the seven, or without it he will die, and thus escape the lash of his cruel taskmaster. Some

change of a pleasurable character, to relieve the monotony of a life of labour, is necessary for all; but, what is most to the purpose, we can withhold it from none—we can merely choose the form it shall assume.

This is, then, the real question at issue, whether we shall leave the people, while in a low moral state, to choose their own sources of gratification (although we may know that while in that state they will choose such as will be of a low and debasing character), or shall we first enable them to appreciate, and then place within their reach rational and intellectual enjoyments? In short, will you have prize-fighting, bull-baiting, gambling, Tom and Jerry amusements, a taste encouraged for witnessing executions and reading of murders; will you have intemperance, as a means of excitement, rendered all but universal, or will you allow an art like that of music to be cultivated in their place, and teach society to obey the laws of harmony both in a moral and scientific sense?

I am aware there are many objections which may be urged, and which are continually urged, against the theory I have advanced. We may at once admit, that a love of music, ill regulated and misdirected, may become an evil; but what is the object of education if it be not to teach us how to regulate our pursuits whether of business or pleasure—to teach us how to distinguish between the use and abuse of that which is good, and to impress upon the mind the lesson, that what is useful in moderation may be hurtful in excess."

In conclusion, we can have no hesitation to subscribe to what Mr Hickson immediately after adds—"It will, perhaps, be long before we shall see in this country, that which may often be witnessed in Saxony, a party of agricultural labourers, instead of lounging about the door of a beer-shop, sitting under the shade of a tree, in the cool of a summer's evening, resting from the fatigues of labour, and each with a little book of music in his hand, joining in a chorale, and singing his part with a correctness of style and intonation that would not disgrace a public singer at one of our vocal concerts; but if we are ever to make an approximation to such a state of things, it must be, not so much by giving our attention to adults, as by teaching the elementary principles of music in schools."

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

##### COMPENSATIONS REQUIRED FROM RAILWAY PROPRIETORS.

One of the most unpleasing of all the forms of the spirit of overreaching, is that presented by an individual, who, when some part of his property is required for a public purpose, attempts to exact for that part a price three or four times its value. Some curious examples are to be found in the second number of a beautifully embellished work, entitled a "History and Description of the London and Birmingham Railway" (Charles Tilt, London). No unprejudiced or uninterested person will deny that, by the introduction of a railway, almost every description of property near it must needs be improved in value, either in consequence of its making carriage easier and cheaper, or by its causing a demand for ground on which to build. What inhabitant of an inland country would not rejoice if a navigable river could be introduced into it? The laying of a railway confers the same advantages, and ought to be rejoiced in by all whose grounds lie in or near its line. Nevertheless, even where it is indubitable that a piece of land is to be benefited by it, scarcely any instance is known of a reasonable price being asked for the portion required by the railway proprietors. From the great lord or squire, who stands up in defence of some large tract, to the village Hampden, who has only to protect some field of a couple of acres, or a poor garden connected with his cottage, an spirit pervades all—a determination to extort as much above the value of the property as they can by any means obtain. The struggle is not confined to ordinary bargain-making. The most important part of it takes place in the courts of the legislature, while the railway is as yet only in contemplation. It is by presenting all sorts of frivolous oppositions there, that the great proprietors contrive to obtain satisfactory prices for their lands. And such, accordingly, is the difficulty of overcoming all these obstacles, that the act for the London and Birmingham Railway cost no less than L.72,868, 18s. 10d. The bill for this important public work was rejected in 1832, on the ground that the case was not made out; it was passed in the ensuing year—"the means which the directors were obliged to resort to," says the author of the work before us, "must be left to the imagination of the reader." "The compensations," says the same writer, "demanded from the Company by the proprietors of land and other premises on the line of the railway, were enormous, even where no injury was done. All sorts of payments were required on the most frivolous pretexts. The sum of L.3000 was given for one piece of land, and L.10,000 for consequential damages, when, instead of any damages being sustained, the land has been improved. One rather original character sold to the Company some land, and was long and loud in his outcries for compensation, ringing the changes on



all sorts of damages which the railway could not fail to bring upon him. His demand was paid, and his complaints were stopped. A few months afterwards, a little additional land was wanted from the same individual, when, surprising as it may appear, for some adjoining parts of this land, so deteriorated by the railway, and on which the Company's works were to have brought utter destruction, he actually required a much larger price than was given him before; and on the Company expressing the surprise which was natural on hearing such a demand, he very coolly replied, 'Oh, I made a mistake then, in thinking the railway would injure my property; it has increased its value, and of course you must pay me an increased price for it.'

The low state of conscientiousness amongst mankind could scarcely, we think, be shown in a more striking light. It appears to be only in dealing with an individual, when we can think how we should like to be used so, that we have distinct notions of justice. In dealing with the abstraction called a railway proprietary, men seem to think themselves entitled to cheat, overreach, and extort without restraint.

#### COTTAGE IMPROVEMENTS.

A year or two ago we noticed the establishment of a society in Glenkens, a district in Galloway, in the south of Scotland, the object of which is to induce improvements in the condition and appearance of the cottages of the peasantry. We are glad to perceive from the following paragraph in the Dumfries and Galloway Courier, that that excellent institution is still flourishing, and doing much good in the district. "The competition for the best kept cottages and cottage gardens in the parishes of Balmacellan, Carsephairn, Dalry, and Kells, has just taken place in a manner full of encouragement to the friends of this excellent institution. No former season, we believe, has produced so many competitors, although we have to regret a deficiency in one parish formerly distinguished for better things. The cottages were all neat and clean, and the gardens, notwithstanding the backward and unpropitious nature of the season, were, in general, early and productive. [Here follows a list of successful competitors, the two neatest cottages in the whole district having been those of Fanny Ireland and Walter Gowanlock.] The beneficial tendency of these premiums for industry and taste in the working classes, is yearly manifesting itself in our district. Almost every newly built cottage can boast of a few ornamental shrubs and flowers, in addition to its whitewashed walls. The pleasure and the profit also attending the cultivation of their little gardens, seem now to be more generally felt by the lower orders; and in one parish at least (Balmacellan), no fewer than five individuals competed for the prize. A most striking improvement has also taken place among those who are not competitors. Farmers and others have taken a hint from the humble cottager; and it must be consistent with the observation of many in the district, that twenty houses for one have been whitewashed and otherwise improved since the institution, a few years ago, of the Glenkens Society. We wish, then, all success to its enlightened and benevolent exertions. Long may its members labour to remove that reproach of our country—that the habitations of the poor are cold, uncleanly, and unhealthy dwellings. We fondly hope to be able to record from year to year their success in this respect—that they continue to give an impulse to the labours of the schoolroom and workshop—and adopt, in short, every means in their power to improve the learning, confirm the industry, and call forth the ingenuity and intelligence, of the working classes."

[Although no way interested personally in the efforts of the Glenkens Society, we feel much pleasure in making known and encouraging practices calculated to be of such extensive utility in Scotland. We beg that the society will next year offer in our name a set of the PEOPLE'S EDITIONS OF STANDARD WORKS, as far as published, as a small prize to be given in any way which the committee of management may deem proper in reference to the objects of the institution.]

#### INCUBATION.

THE progress of the incubation of the chicken is a subject curious and interesting. The hen has scarcely sat on the egg twelve hours before some lineaments of the head and body of the chicken appear. The heart may be seen to beat at the end of the second day; it has at that time somewhat the form of a horse-shoe, but no blood yet appears. At the end of two days, two vesicles of blood are to be distinguished, the pulsation of which is very visible: one of these is the left ventricle, and the other the root of the great artery. At the fifth hour, one auricle of the heart appears, resembling a noose folded down upon itself. The beating of the heart is first observed in the auricle, and afterwards in the ventricle. At the end of seventy hours the wings are distinguishable; and on the head two bubbles are seen for the brain, one for the bill, and two others for the fore and hind part of the head. Towards the end of the fourth day, the two auricles, already visible, draw nearer to the heart than before. The liver appears towards the fifth day. At the end of a hundred and thirty-one hours, the first voluntary motion is observed. At the end of seven hours more, the lungs and stomach become visible; and four hours after this, the intestines, the loins, and the upper jaw. At the hundred and forty-fourth hour, two ventricles are visible, and two drops of blood instead of the single one which was seen before. The seventh day, the brain begins to have some consistency. At the hundred and nineteenth hour of incubation, the bill opens, and the flesh appears

in the breast; in four hours more the breastbone is seen; and in six hours after this, the ribs appear forming from the back, and the bill is very visible, as well as the gall-bladder. The bill becomes green at the end of two hundred and thirty-six hours; and if the chicken be taken out of its coverings, it evidently moves itself. The feathers begin to shoot out towards the two hundred and fortieth hour, and the skull becomes gristly. At the two hundred and sixty-fourth hour, the eyes appear. At the two hundred and eighty-eighth, the ribs are perfect. At the three hundred and thirty-first, the spleen draws near the stomach, and the lungs to the chest. At the end of three hundred and fifty-five hours, the bill frequently opens and shuts; and at the end of the eighteenth day, the first cry of the chicken is heard. It afterwards gets more strength, and grows continually, till at length it is enabled to set itself free from its confinement.

In the whole of this process, we must remark that every part appears exactly at its proper time: if, for example, the liver is formed on the fifth day, it is founded on the preceding situation of the chicken, and on the changes that were to follow. No part of the body could possibly appear either sooner or later, without the whole embryo suffering; and each of the limbs becomes visible at the fit moment. This ordination, so wise and so invariable, is manifestly the work of a Supreme Being: but we must still more sensibly acknowledge his creative powers, when we consider the manner in which the chicken is formed out of the parts which compose the egg. How astonishing must it appear to an observing mind, that in this substance there should be at all the vital principle of an animated being! that all the parts of an animal's body should be concealed in it, and require nothing but heat to unfold and quicken them! that the whole formation of the chicken should be so constant and regular! that, exactly at the same time, the same changes will take place in the generality of eggs! that the chicken, the moment it is hatched, is heavier than the egg was before! But even these are not all the wonders in the formation of the bird from the egg (for this instance will serve to illustrate the whole of the feathered tribes); there are others, altogether hidden from our observation; and of which, from our very limited faculties, we must ever remain ignorant.—*Provincial Journal.*

#### NARRATIVE OF A PRISONER OF STATE.\*

THE Memoirs of Silvio Pellico have fully informed the world of the watchful severity with which the Austrians repressed every insurrectionary movement in the north of Italy, after the fall of Napoleon had re-established their supremacy in that country. The story of a new sufferer in the cause of Italian independence is now before us, and contains much interesting matter, from which we shall cull some portions for the benefit of our readers.

Alexander Andryane, a young Frenchman of good family, and of a warm and enthusiastic temperament, was induced by some Italian refugees, whom he met while studying at Geneva in 1822, to proceed to Milan, on a secret mission to the leaders of the anti-Austrian party in that country. Andryane took the precaution of leaving the ciphers, statutes, and other dangerous credentials of which he was the bearer, on the Italian frontiers, with directions that they should be forwarded to him. But, on reaching Milan, and holding communication with various friends of the cause, he found every thing in a most unpromising state for any revolutionary movement. Count Confalonieri, one of the most pure-minded of Italian patriots, and several of his friends, had been thrown into confinement, and were suffering the greatest severities at the hands of an arbitrary commission, appointed for the purpose by the Austrian emperor. These circumstances caused Andryane to send back a letter, forbidding the documents in question to be forwarded to him, being now well aware of the danger of having such papers in his possession. But they were sent to him, and he then resolved to put them into the hands of a friend who had the means of secreting them effectually, and without personal danger. Alas! ere this could be done, the evil hour arrived. On the morning of the 8th of January, Andryane heard his door-bell ring. Imagining it to be his friend come for the papers, he took the case containing them from its hiding-place, and laid it below the cushions of the sofa, ready to be delivered up. The expected party did not enter, but a gentleman in a brown coat, and of a sinister and cadaverous visage, came in, followed by several gendarmes. "I shuddered (says Andryane); a thought struck me like a thunderbolt—'It is all over with me!'—a moment of intense agony, which, however, I mastered sufficiently to assume a polite and unconcerned air, and ask the personage in the brown coat to what I owed the honour of his visit. 'Excuse me,' he replied; 'I am sent by the Customs to search whether you have contraband goods in your possession.' 'I am not a merchant; the Customs ought to be aware of that.' 'I trust you will pardon me, but it is my duty;' and so saying, he and his myrmidons entered my room."

\* Memoirs of a Prisoner of State in the Fortress of Spielberg. By Alexander Andryane. Translated by Fortunato Prandi. H. Hooper, Pall-Mall East, London.

Andryane tried several feints, to show his composure of mind and to lead them off the right scent; but at length the Commissary Bolza, who was the head of the party, advanced all at once to the sofa. "The first cushion he lifted discovered the case; he eagerly clutched it, and held it up. A mortal chilliness ran through my veins; I felt that my fate was about to be decided." The papers were sealed, and in a few moments the unfortunate Andryane was on his way to the presence of the Director of the Police. Nothing passed at this interview except the drawing up of a list of the suspected papers; and when this was finished, Andryane was conveyed to the prison of Santa Margherita, the same building in which Silvio Pellico had been confined three years before. "Passing through a low and dark corridor, which looked out upon a small court surrounded by a high wall, the jailer opened a little door studded with iron, on which my eyes had been from the first presagingly fixed. 'May I trouble you to enter?' said Bolza. I entered; the door closed behind me with a hollow sound. May God one day or other recompense the intense anguish which fell upon my heart at that moment!"

It may well be believed that this poor stranger, then only twenty-four years of age, should have felt his spirits at first lamentably depressed, on finding himself in a dark cell, three paces by five in dimensions, and with no single article of furniture excepting a stove—conscious, at the same time, that his jailors and those destined to be his judges were the dreaded emissaries of Austria. At first a degree of hysterical excitement characterised the thoughts and motions of Andryane, but he gradually grew calmer. A bed, a set of drawers, a chair, and a table, were brought to him by the head jailer Riboni, a fat, good-natured man, who strongly counselled the prisoner to eat something, recommending the prison-cook as the best in Milan. Andryane took a little soup and lay down to rest, but his anxiety was too great, and his situation too distressingly novel, to permit him to taste sound repose. His thoughts were fixed on the course which he ought to take when subjected to examination, and the principle he ultimately laid down for himself was, "to deny all he could deny, to refuse all explanation, all avowal." On the following morning, he was examined by the Director of Police, and adhered to his plan, in spite of the warnings of the examiner. To reveal the names of the Italians with whom he had held intercourse both in Switzerland and Italy, and to explain the meaning of the papers in cipher, and others found in the case, constituted the information sought from Andryane, and he was assured of free pardon in case of compliance. In reality, the young Frenchman was able to give but little of the information required from him, so hastily and thoughtlessly had he entered on the enterprise. But what he did know he would not tell, and hence the numberless examinations to which he was in the sequel subjected. "Young man," said the Director of Police, on seeing his obstinacy, "you are ruining yourself. Once out of my hands, you will be delivered to the jurisdiction of the Commission." To await the tender mercies of this body, accordingly, Andryane was remanded to his cell.

Before his new examinations commenced, Andryane had found a remarkable way of beguiling time in his solitary cell. Having discovered the cells on each side of his own to be inhabited, he bethought himself of a mode of communication with his neighbours by tapping on the wall, which he had heard of as being practised among Italian prisoners. The alphabet, according to this scheme, consisted of a regularly increasing scale of taps, a being marked by one tap, b by two, and so on. When Andryane first tried this, he had little hope of success, but after repeated trials it was found to succeed, and he was able to carry on a slow and laborious conversation with a prisoner equally unhappy with himself in the adjoining cell. At length, this person ceased to answer his taps, by which he knew that he must have been removed to another cell.

The grief occasioned by this loss of society, if it may be so called, was diverted by new occurrences of interest. He was called before the terrible Commission, at the head of which was Salvotti, a personage but too famous in Austrian Italy for ability and cruelty. Believing firmly that Andryane possessed all the secrets of the Italian refugees spread over Europe, Salvotti bent all his powers of cajoling and threatening to the task of extracting from the young Frenchman all that he knew. Andryane was firm in his resolve to reveal nothing; and Salvotti, after innumerable examinations by day and by night, found that he could not weary out the patience and resolution of his prisoner.

Meanwhile the unfortunate youth found new associates in his tapping converse. Some time after the removal of his first correspondent, he chanced to try the wall on the opposite side. To his great joy, the signal was answered. His new friend proved to be a man named Confortinati, who had been confined for four years on mere suspicion. After twelve days' intercourse by the wall, Confortinati was in turn taken away, and Andryane left once more solitary. Some time afterwards, however, a new prisoner was brought to the same cell, and with him also Andryane was able to communicate, for such alphabets of captivity were but too well known to the Italians of these days. The Colonel Moretti, as the new comer was called, did not remain above a few weeks. Whether these friends in misfortune were taken to the scaffold, or died in their cells, poor Andryane could not tell. He only knew

that the wall returned no more the well-known signal, which cheered the prisoner's loneliness. But the youth of Andryane, and his ingenious character, had gained him friends among even the officials of Austria. The Counsellor Minghini, in particular, a member of the Commission, had formed an attachment to the poor young stranger, and got some books sent to his cell. These were a source of great consolation to Andryane, and a still greater joy awaited him, after he had been about four months a captive. His sister, with her husband and family, arrived in Milan, in order to use every possible exertion on the spot for his liberation. For some time, Salvotti would not permit an interview between the brother and sister. On the contrary, he dragged the sister before the Commission, and endeavoured to extract from her such evidence, relative to certain former doings of the brother in France, as might throw the latter into deeper peril. Foiled in this, he visited Andryane in his cell, and endeavoured to work on his feelings by painting the joy which his liberation would cause to his sister, as well as to their aged father in Paris. At the same time he described Andryane's obstinacy as arising from nothing but foolish and overstrained notions of honour. Though much moved by the tempter's words, the young prisoner held fast by his resolve. He betrayed nothing. Notwithstanding this, Counsellor Minghini's influence brought about an interview between the brother and sister. It was a brief one, but it sufficed to strengthen Andryane's resolution, by showing him that his noble-minded sister, though wrung with anxiety for his fate, approved of the principles on which he had taken his stand.

Andryane's examinations came at length to a close, and, as the last step, he was desired to draw up a defence of his conduct, which might be laid before the emperor, before sentence was finally pronounced. Soon after this defence was given in, Andryane, with a person named Rinaldini, who had lately been the sharer of his cell, was conveyed from Santa Margarita to the prison of Porta Nuova, situated in a different quarter of Milan. As the carriage was passing with them through the streets, the young Frenchman looked dejectedly on the houses and the people. "The circumstance (says he) of two individuals meeting and shaking each other warmly by the hands, gave a new current to my sensations. It is impossible to express what a pang this friendly meeting inflicted on me. How many remembrances, how many regrets, crowded on my mind!" This is one of those touches of nature that impress a narrative with the stamp of sincerity. The feeling here described could have arisen only in the mind of a poor captive, or of a Defoe, perhaps, expressing the sentiments of one! When the prisoners reached Porta Nuova, they found that they had the liberty of walking in a large gallery, but that in other respects their situation was by no means improved. Rinaldini and Andryane had a third companion, named Bigoni, added to their society. Both Rinaldini and Bigoni were men of excellent dispositions, and were suffering on mere suspicion. One day, after having been in this new prison for some weeks, Minghini the counsellor came to the walking gallery, and took Andryane aside. The communication of Minghini was to the following terrible import. "Your sentences have been sanctioned by the Senate of Verona, and only wait the emperor's approval. The two greatest criminals are doomed to the scaffold." "And who are these two?" said Andryane. "Yourself and Confalonieri!" was Minghini's reply.

Assured of the truth of this intelligence, which the good Minghini only communicated for the purpose of advising the doomed captive even yet to throw himself on the emperor's mercy, and to confess all, Andryane sought the privilege of solitude, that he might prepare for his fate. This indulgence was granted, in so far as he was removed to a new cell, with Rinaldini for his sole companion. One day, soon afterwards, Andryane gave a tap on the wall of the next cell. No answer was returned. He tried it a second time, and a faint response was given. "Chi sei?" asked Andryane. "The first letter of the reply (says Andryane) was a c, the second an e, then an n, then an f, followed by an a. My attention was redoubled; after the a, I heard an l, an o, and an n. I became breathless: all my nerves were on the stretch. I then articulated the letters l, e, r, i, and exclaimed, 'It is he!' 'Who?' asked my companion eagerly. 'It is he!' 'It is he!' I repeated with joy; 'it is Confalonieri!'" It did indeed prove to be the most famous of the patriots of modern Italy. The lofty virtues of this nobleman's character were such, that Andryane, young as he was, was almost reconciled to death by the thought of having so glorious an associate in his doom. After this discovery, Confalonieri, who was wretchedly ill, partly from natural weakness of constitution, and partly from the torture and the lingering confinement he had undergone, conversed through the wall frequently with Andryane, of whose firmness under examination he had been fully informed. Confalonieri said that the confirmation of the sentences must soon arrive from the emperor. He himself was prepared for death. This mural discourse was brought to an end for a time by the introduction of guards into the cell of Confalonieri. One night, however, when all were asleep, Andryane heard some slight taps on the wall. "I got up (says he) and went to listen. It was Confalonieri, who, availing himself of the sleep of his guards, summoned me once more. 'The sentences have been sanctioned by the emperor; they are here;

they will be executed in a few days; I shall be hanged.' 'In the name of heaven, tell me whether I am condemned to the same punishment as yourself?' He did not answer, but his silence spoke more than words. I therefore raised my soul to Him who is the source of resignation and courage, and prayed for fortitude to die worthily!"

Some days more elapsed, ere the prisoners knew with certainty what was to be their fate. Meanwhile, great exertions were being made to move the mind of the emperor to mercy. The wife of Count Confalonieri, a woman of extraordinary virtues and beauty, and passionately devoted to her husband, went to Vienna, to throw herself at the emperor's feet. But Francis of Austria was inflexible; he was bent upon making an example to terrify the disaffected, and Confalonieri was one of those whom he was determined to consign to death. At her second interview with him, the emperor turned away from the countess, saying, "Madam! there is barely time for you to reach Milan, if you desire to see your husband once more." To the aged father of Confalonieri, an ancient servant of the house of Austria, the emperor said, "Rise, my dear count! Submit to the sacrifice, and behold your son already in paradise!"—by these words indicating his perfect consciousness that, in the eye of heaven, his victim was pure and without stain. The unhappy countess and her father-in-law left Vienna in despair, fearful that, with all the speed they could exert, the sentence of death, which a courier bore on the way before them, would be executed ere they could arrive in Milan. And such would have been the case but for an accident which delayed the courier for ten hours in the mountains of the Tyrol, and which delay not only permitted the countess again to see her husband, but saved that husband from death; for a second courier had thus time to reach Milan with a respite, wrung from the emperor by the tears of the empress, who had interested herself deeply in the sorrows of the Countess Confalonieri. That respite also saved one other person, Alexander Andryane, from the scaffold! These two were the selected examples.

At twelve o'clock on the night of the 20th of January 1824 (exactly one year and two days from Andryane's arrest), the prisoners concerned or suspected of being concerned in treasonable offences against the imperial authority, were taken from their beds and carried to the Palace of Justice. Here they met in one large room, and for the first time Andryane saw the majestic features and figure of Confalonieri. The count was distressingly pitifully ill, but Salvotti had sworn to bring him forward dead or alive. Confalonieri was laid on a couch as soon as he was brought into the room mentioned, and soon after fell into convulsions. But he recovered in time, and was conveyed before the Commission to hear his sentence read and those of his companions. The secretary produced a paper, and read thus:—"By the sentence of the Imperial Commission, the Count Frederick Confalonieri, accused and convicted of high treason, is condemned to death." To enjoy the terrible effect which this sanguinary doom must produce on the victim, Salvotti cast on him piercing and triumphant looks. But he was deceived; no alteration was visible in the countenance of Confalonieri. After a long pause, the secretary continued,—"But, by the inexhaustible clemency of the emperor, the capital punishment has been commuted to imprisonment for life in the fortress of Spielberg." Andryane's doom ran word for word with that of Confalonieri, and, among their companions, some were condemned to remain twenty years, and others ten, in the same fortress.

The prisoners were not yet freed from this trial. They were kept till morning in the large hall, and then taken out to a scaffold or pillory, that their sentences might be again read before the assembled populace of Milan. Here the prisoners, however, found sympathy. Although the streets were lined with Austrian soldiers, the crowd could not restrain their emotions of pity at the sight of Confalonieri. On him all eyes were fixed, as if to pay him a tribute of respect, and the groans of commiseration uttered by the crowd warned the police of the danger of continuing the spectacle. They were removed to their prisons, preparatory to being sent to Spielberg.

Andryane was allowed to see his sister before his departure. His last words were, "I am buried at five-and-twenty, but my resignation will not abandon me. Under all circumstances, I hope I shall prove worthy of you." Confalonieri also was permitted to see his noble-minded wife, and bid her farewell. Under the charge of a strong party, the prisoners were then removed in carriages to Spielberg. Confalonieri was in the same carriage with Andryane. It was delightful to them, even though captives, to look once more from the carriage windows upon the sun. "Happy, how happy are those," exclaimed the count, "who, dwelling in the lovely land on which the sun pours its full tide of genial influence, can taste in peace, under the roof-tree of home, the blessing of its wonderful beams! But we are going to a clime where it shines without warmth, and will never enter our miserable cell. I am a child of the glowing south, and the sun is necessary to my existence." As they receded from Milan, indeed, the health of Confalonieri seemed gradually to decline, and at length it was found necessary to leave him by the way, while the rest continued their journey. But Confalonieri recovered, and joined them in the cells of Spielberg, there to spend many unhappy years.

Alexander Andryane's narrative ends with the introduction of himself and his companions into the fortress of Spielberg. He was liberated after an imprisonment of several years, and his narrative was published in France after his restoration to his family. Considering that it is the work of an Italian, the English version is well executed. The translator says that he has cleared the memoir of exuberant ornaments, but there is even yet room for pruning. However, the story as a whole is extremely interesting, much more so than this outline can, we fear, give any fair idea of.

It is pleasing to have it in our power to state in conclusion, that, at the late coronation of the Emperor Francis's successor at Milan, an edict was issued, recalling those yet in exile, and giving freedom to all yet in durance, on account of the cause for which Andryane and Confalonieri suffered.

#### CHINESE SKETCHES.

A work of merit, entitled the "Fan-qui in China, in 1836-7, by C. Toogood Downing, Esq.," has recently been presented to the public. Of all the accounts that have yet been given of the customs and character of the Chinese, as observable in their intercourse with foreigners (or *Fan-qui*, as they are termed by the people of the Celestial Empire), this seems to us to be the most luminous and complete. A few extracts will satisfy the reader of the interesting character of this production.

It is universally known that the whole of the trade of foreigners with the Chinese is restricted to the single port of Canton. This city is situated on the south-eastern coast of China, near the mouth of the Tigris, a river of nearly the same size as the Thames. The Tigris debouches into a bay, or rather a frith, at the opening of which into the sea is situated the ancient Portuguese station of Macao, distant some eighty or ninety miles from Canton. On entering this bay or frith, numerous ships and boats are seen, indicating sufficiently to the visitor the neighbourhood of the great port where traders are assembled from every country on the face of the earth. But it is on reaching the proper mouth of the Tigris, that the characteristic wonders of the Canton port are seen. Thousands (using the word in an exact sense) of native vessels, of all kinds and dimensions, stud the river for the seventy miles between its mouth and Canton. The most of these are small craft, that in various ways attend on, and derive profit from, the foreign vessels that visit the port. The subjoined list includes but a few of these native craft, some of which carry government agents, while others, and the greater number, have private purposes in view: pilot-boats, clerk-boats, fishing-boats, smuggling or smug-boats (called *centipedes*, from the number of their oars), burden-boats, egg-boats, duck-boats, barber-boats, fruit-boats, wash-boats, &c. &c. One of the most remarkable features about these small craft, the uses of most of which are indicated by their names, is, that the people on board of them spend the greater portion of their lives there, going on shore only for a short time when necessity requires. Families, including of course wives and children, pass their days in these water-houses as happily as others do on dry land. As the existence and numbers of these floating dwellings constitute the most striking characteristic of the port of Canton, we may extract Mr Downing's description of the wash-boats:—

"The wash-boats are about twenty feet long, and of a proportionable breadth, and appear, like the present fashion of our shoes, to be cropped at the ends. The whole of the inside is covered over with boards, so that this decking is within a few inches of the gunwale. Some of the planks are made to be removed at pleasure, and thus there are very extensive cupboards between them and the flat bottom of the boats. Pieces of wood are then fastened in an upright direction round the edge of the boat, which support the covering or house. This is made of a very coarse kind of matting, formed of thin pieces of bamboo woven together, and fastened into a semicircular form by ribs of stiffer portions of the same material. Two or three of these tiles are placed upon the tops of the uprights; and as one portion overlaps the other, the whole forms a very good protection from the heat of the sun. In the winter, or during rainy weather, pieces of rough cloth are hung round the sides of this domicile; and always during the night, when the inhabitants wish to be private, the open end of the house in front is closed with a piece of matting. One oar at the side, and another astern, which is managed by sculling, serve to put the whole affair into tolerably quick motion. The only furniture to be seen within is a square of matting and a wooden pillow for each inmate.

This desirable mansion, 'surrounded with every convenience of wood and water,' as the auctioneers would say, is occupied by three or four Chinese girls, who perhaps hardly ever stir out of it the whole year round, unless to attend to their religious duties. The meanest beggar in England would shrink from being confined to such a place, yet these girls seem not only content, but even cheerful and happy. Their red good-natured faces are to be seen peeping out of the matting, and always with a smile or a laugh at your service." The fruit-boats are also managed by girls. "These women (says our author) are remarkably strong, and manage their sanpans (boats) so well, that I have occasionally seen one of them with a single scull at the stern, come up with a four-oared cutter, and keep up



the chase as long as she thought there was a chance of selling her stores. On emerging from the hubbub of boats and crowd of vessels on the river, the stranger who visits Canton is shown to one of the two great hotels, where the majority of those who come to stay but a short time in the place, reside. Mr Downing gives a curious account of the inconveniences to which a stranger is subjected in these hotels. You are provided with a small numbered apartment, which you lock on leaving it, carrying off the key with you. One of the many Chinese servants who loiter about the establishment, attaches himself to your service, which he does not quit till you depart. All the English he is master of consists generally of "What thing you wantsee?" or "No saavez?" or "Can;" which last word is the token of assent, corresponding to *ay* or *yes*. These men are faithful enough attendants, as far as their abilities go, but they league themselves with merchants of the city, and thus lead to annoyances which Mr Downing describes as follows:—"In the morning you are awaked rather early by a rap at the door, and the only answer you can obtain to your repeated summons to know who it is, and to desire the disturber to come in, is a repetition of the knocking in a louder and still more noisy manner. After wearying yourself to no purpose with quietly desiring your visitor to enter, you are at last obliged to bawl out with all your force, and perhaps with some little asperity, believing it to be your valet-de-chambre. This decisive conduct produces some effect, for you hear the handle turned round, and quickly afterwards see the head of a Chinaman thrust in, and peeping through the half-opened door. You look at the pig-tailed apparition, and try to discover an old acquaintance, but you are generally disappointed; while he is doing all he can to make his intrusion acceptable. He smiles and grins, and nods his head at you as if he had known you for a dozen years, and was delighted to recognise you again. To his repeated salutations, you cannot help returning the like, however much you may have been annoyed by the disturbance; and thus the scene would be highly ridiculous to a looker-on, to see two heads grinning and bowing to each other, while the rest of the body was perfectly hidden, on one side by the door, and on the other by the bedclothes.

After these preliminary salutations have proceeded for some little time, your visitor slowly discovers the remainder of his person, edging timidly and slowly within the door, until he has fairly shut it behind him; but yet keeping his hand upon the handle, to secure an immediate retreat in case he should meet with a bad reception. He then goes through the ceremonies which are necessary to be observed by those who enter a room, and which consist of a certain number of bendings of the body, according to the rank of the respective parties. Having completed this part of his duty, he then proceeds to inform you of the nature of his visit, and you soon discover that he is a shopkeeper, or an agent of one, who goes about to collect orders. A small bundle or bag which he carries under his arm is quickly unfasted, and as he shows the contents one after the other, he says, 'I like werry much do lilee pigeon' long you. What thing you wantsee? you wantsee all same sealie, all same chessmen, all same paper knife?' or whatever he may have about him. Some of these men come from the best shops, are intelligent, and able to talk English pretty well. Through their means you may often procure things from the inside city, which you could not obtain from the common shopkeepers without the walls. Whilst you are examining their goods, and during the time of dressing for breakfast, you will hear repeated knocks at the door; and you would be inundated by these itinerant dealers, unless you took the precaution of locking them out. Even then they continue their summonses, until, to get rid of them, you often feel obliged to let them say their say, and be gone.

Some will come in who appear to be but just commencing trade for themselves, and, unable to understand the meaning of a word of English, have just learned by rote the words necessary to be said on these occasions. Thus they repeat like parrots the list of their wares, and draw out the syllables to an unreasonable length, stopping between each to bring to memory the remainder. 'What thing-ee you-wantee-shee? Can catchee all same-shellee-insectee-fanee? Can doo-pidgeon.' The only answer you can obtain from these beginners to any question you may ask about their goods, is a repetition of a list of their wares, until you mention the word *dollar*, which seems to touch another key of these automatons, and they then launch out into an account of that most interesting part of their 'pidgeon.' Tailors and shoemakers attend these sort of levees, to exhibit specimens of their handicraft. It used to be said that the imitative faculty which the Chinese possess so highly, led their tailors, in making new clothes, to copy on them every little patch that chanced to exist on those worn when the customer was measured. But they are much improved now-a-days, it seems.

As we do not profess here to give any connected view of the contents of Mr Downing's numerous observations, we may now quote his remarks on the much famed feet of the Chinese ladies. "The curious Chinese custom of forcing the feet of the members of the fair sex into their distorted and unnatural shape, is not of great advantage to them when they walk abroad. It

appears very ridiculous to European eyes, to see an old lady, verging into dotage, believing all eyes are turned upon her in admiration, because her feet are no larger than those of a child five or six years of age. As she walks through the streets, her progressive motion would incline you to believe that she had had the misfortune to lose both her legs, and was obliged to get about as well as she was able on a couple of wooden stumps. The pain which the Chinese beauty must suffer before her charms can be brought to perfection, must be extreme, and can only be compared to the agonies of those compelled to wear that instrument of torture, formerly used in Scotland, called the *boot*. Very soon after the birth of a Chinese maiden of the upper rank, it is the duty of the parent to turn the toes of her child under the foot, and then bandage the whole very tightly together. This binding is renewed every day, and is not removed during the night, however painful or inflamed the joint may be. As the foot is growing all this time, a constant pressure is kept up against the bindings, producing a degree of agony which it would be difficult for us to conceive. Those who are blessed with a pair of tight shoes or boots, just come from the maker, can form a faint estimate of the sensation they must experience. In process of time, after years of suffering, the growth of the part ceases, and the toes become of one piece with the rest of the foot, leaving the lower extremity very similar in appearance to that of a club foot. When you examine an old Chinese lady, it appears as if that part of the instep near the toes had been cut off, and the rest of the soft parts in the vicinity brought together in a lump, in order to form a good cushion to the stump. Our western notions are somewhat startled at this odd custom, and we inquire in vain how it is possible to discover beauty in this disgusting spectacle. But every man to his taste. It appears to have been in practice among the upper classes in the Celestial Empire for many centuries. The cause of this singular practice is completely veiled in obscurity, but we know that it originated towards the close of the ninth century, near the termination of the dynasty of Táng. In the absence of any information on the subject, the following speculation may perhaps be allowed:—It is a matter of history, that during the reign of the emperors of the Táng dynasty, the power of the women and eunuchs had arrived at its greatest height, and that the ill effects of their interference in the affairs of government were severely felt. Great efforts were therefore made to overthrow their authority, which in the end completely succeeded. The eunuchs were either destroyed or banished the court, and the ladies disgraced. We may suppose, that in order to debar the latter in future from interference in state matters, and to render their fancied incapacity more apparent, the practice of retarding the growth of the foot was instituted. If such were its origin, I should think that it must fully answer the intention. The constant personal suffering endured, must necessarily prevent the cultivation of the mind, while the helpless condition of the beauty must render her an object rather of pity than of fear, if she should aim to tread the rugged path of ambition. In process of time, these distorted members were admired, and now, forsooth, they bear the name of 'The Golden Lilies.'

Though the quotations now made will not, we are sure, be thought uninteresting, this work has abundance of matter of a much more valuable kind scattered up and down in its pages, and is altogether a work that will reward the perusal of all who take an interest in the affairs of China.

#### TRADITION OF BLACK CHARLIE.\*

THERE was once a noted border freebooter, called Black Charlie, who lived in a remote out-of-the-way place, somewhere about the upper parts of Teviotdale, the name of which was Hazelhope. Now, Charlie never went with a band of men like the Scotts and the Elliots to rieve by force; he went like an honest man, with money in his purse, bought a good beast here and there, paid frankly, and was much liked as a purchaser; but then he never failed to pick up one, two, or three, on his way home, for which he got plenty of ready merchants. When he stole in Scotland, he drove them into England; and when he stole in England, he drove them into Scotland; and still he continued a man of credit and respect, carrying on his lucrative business for many years, until he became a very rich man, and either bought or rented two farms. I do not know which. He had a sort of chemical preparation, resembling white paint, with which he altered the colours of the cattle so completely, that, even when suspected and pursued, they could not once be distinguished, and the owners begged Charlie's pardon for their false suspicions, and returned, so that his credit remained unimpaired.

But it so happened that Elliot of Lariston bought a fine young cow from a Bewcastle drover one summer, and the cow was not well taken home, until the mistress and all the maids claimed her as the fine quey which was stolen from them a year and a half ago. They knew her by certain marks, and every servant about the house proffered to swear to the identity of her. Lariston being one of the keepers of the borders, sent for Richard Bewick, the drover, in a sly way, to come and look at some fine cattle he had to sell. Be-

wick, unconscious of any evil, came readily over to Lariston, and desired to see the beasts. Mr Elliot took him out to the enclosure where the cows fed, and turning round the young cow, asked Bewick if he knew her?

"Why, to be sure I do," said he; "what's to hinder me to know her, when it is but ten days since you bought her of me at Carlisle?"

"I am glad you have confessed it before my son and the cow-keeper there, for that cow was stolen from my byre on the 7th of October last year; and if you cannot give some account of her, and from whom you got her, the gallows rope and your neck have a chance soon to become near acquaintances."

"What, sir! you don't pretend to say that I stole your cow? I would like to see the man durst call Richard Bewick a thief, who never stole cow nor calf, nor horse, nor sheep, all his life."

"However stupendously honest you may be, Mr Bewick, you must be content to remain my prisoner, until you can clear yourself of this shameful affair."

"Nay, I'll not do that neither, for I have ither towe to teaze. I'll gie thee back the price of thy cow, and keep her, and be hanged to thee."

"Why, that proffer looks worst of all, for it proves to me that you are either the thief, or have been art and part with him."

"Confound thy stupid Scots noddle!—if I had been the thief, or art and part with the thief, would ever I have sold her again to the gentleman we stole her from?"

"There is some reason in that reply, Bewick, rudely as it is delivered. Tell me then, frankly, on the word of an honest man, as you pretend to be, from whom did you purchase the quey?"

"I am trying all that I can to recollect. I bought her on the top of Broughhill market—that I know; and I think it must have been from Charlie of Hazelhope." "Black Charlie! The very man, for a hundred merks! I have long suspected that carle, and he was plodding about here, pretending to buy cattle, at that very time. Were there any witnesses present when you bought her?"

"Yes, there were plenty of witnesses present, and we had some beer together. But my mind misgives me sadly. I did not buy a horned beast that day, but one, which was from Black Charlie, and yet it strikes me she was differently marked from this. I suspect, Mr Elliot, that this quey has been changed for the other out on the fells, as they were all feeding together on the common, last summer, by some scoundrel; and if I cannot find her out, I am rather in a bad scrape."

"The explanation sounds very ill, Mr Bewick; but yet there is a sort of downright blunt honesty in your department, which makes me almost certain you will come honourably off. But a stolen cow having been found in your possession, I am obliged, by our severe border laws, to retain you a prisoner until you account for her. In the meantime, I shall take measures with Black Charlie, for I suspect that there has been some trick, and that he is the real aggressor." So Bewick was conducted to prison, swearing terribly the whole way, and Mr Elliot sent for Charlie to come and look at some cattle; but Charlie smelled a rat, and returned for answer, "that his hands were fu" and his purse toom just then."

Mr Elliot having no other resource, went with three armed men to seize Charlie, and bring him to justice. But Charlie was upon the look-out, and when he saw a rider and three walkers coming up the Hope from Farnash, he fled, but one of the men got a glimpse of him running cowering over a knoll, and instantly all the four gave chase. Lariston, being well mounted, soon made up to him, but he took shelter on the side of a steep hill among stones, and pelted Mr Elliot and his horse at such a rate with these dangerous missiles, that the latter was obliged to turn and fly. The footmen then came up; and Charlie, perceiving that they meant to surround him, took to the boggy ground in the hollow of the Hope, and a most desperate chase ensued. Lariston's horse bogged every minute, and he fell quite behind, and Charlie being a better runner than any of the foot soldiers, soon got far ahead of them. But he could not keep the bog for ever. They reached firmer ground, and then Mr Elliot soon overtook him, and with his drawn sword flourished over his head, compelled him to yield; so Charlie was handcuffed, and kept in confinement until the day of trial.

This traditional story must be an old one, for the jury was held at a hamlet called Chalderfoot, on the very edge of the border, and there were a great number of both English and Scots present, and Bewick was the very first man who was tried, although many others on both sides of the border were tried that day. Black Charlie and he were then set face to face, and both denied having stolen the quey; so the witnesses who saw the quey sold, and drank the beer with the dealers, were all sworn and examined, and all of them declared that the cow shown was not the beast that Charlie Bell of Hazelhope sold to Bewick at Broughhill fair, for she was quite differently marked. But behold the last man that was examined, one Wat Elliot, or Christie's Wat, deposed solemnly and positively that she was the very individual animal, for that they had known her since she was a calf, and her mother before her, and it was the same cow, and no other.

The English warden then got up and addressed the meeting, and said, this evidence from a Scotsman he

\* Pidgeon is the Chinese word for *business*, and to an English ear is most ominous of *pecking*.

\* From the *Forbes*, *Elgin*, and *Nairn Gazette*, in which it was lately given as a composition of the *Ettrick Shepherd*, and never before published.

judged sufficient to save his countryman from death. But the Scottish warden replied, that the evidence of one man was inadequate to overturn that of three others. That it was therefore manifest Wat Elliot had forsworn himself, in order to take away the life of his next neighbour, at whom he had likely some ill will, and it therefore behoved them to arraign Wat, condemn him, and hang him. The Englishmen protested against this, urging the use and wont of the value always put upon the evidence of one countryman against another of the same country, and therefore swore that Wat Elliot should not be hanged. The dispute waxed exceedingly fierce, until Wat stepped in between them and said, "Stop, stop, my lords an' gentlemen; dinna just be in sic an awesome hurry, to condemn folk to be hanged for givin' wrang aiths; I sal g'ye plenty o' hangin' afore night. Gang on wi' your war'k; afore ye try a' the seven Grahams, the Armstrongs, an' the Reids, I'll find means to clear myself," an' the honest English drover too; for I have known Dick Bewick these twenty years, an' I know not of a mair honourable man on either side of the border."

The Englishmen uttered a shout of approbation, and the business of the day went on. When it was nearly over, Wat came into the ring, leading a cow with a white back, and a white spot on one shoulder and on one loin, and taking off his bonnet, he bowed to the judges with a look of great penitence, and said, "I'm unco feared, ma lords, that I have been wrang, but I maun just come i' your mercy, as I think I hae fund the stown cow now. Will ye be sae kind as ca' in a' the witnesses again, an' see if I be richt this time." They were all called in again, and five men made oath that that was the very beast which Mr Bewick bought from Black Charlie on the top of Broughill market. "Now, ma lords, as I'm in a bad scrape," said Wat Elliot, "will ye indulge me sae far as to order the witnesses awa' into ane o' the houses, an' gie them something to drink, an' I'll try them wi' another beast; but, in the meantime, I maun keep you with me, and John Corbet of Chalderford, to see that I do nothing unfairly." The request was complied with, and Wat took a mop and a pail of water before their eyes, and in an instant washed the cow clean, when she became a red cow again, the same as she was in the morning. "Now call the witnesses once more," said Wat. They came, and all of them swore that that was not the cow which they saw sold at Broughill. "Now," said Wat, "I tauld you I should gie you plenty o' hangin' for false aiths afore night; there are five o' them in for rackit necks. Now, will your honours be sae good as to examine this English drover, John Corbet o' Chalderford, or suffer me to examine him?" "Go on," said both wardens.

"Aha! but swear him first, an' tie him to the truth, tooth an' nail," said Wat. They did so, and Wat proceeded with the examination.

"Is it a common thing, Mr Corbet, for the Scottish cattle to change colours and spots after they come into England?"

"Oh yes, quite common."

"Do you remember of any of those you bought from Charlie of Hazelhope changing colours?"

"Oh ay—one-half of them at least. I have seen a black one grow white, and a white one as black as a coal. I thought that I knowed the painted ones, but I liked them best, for I knew that they were stolen or strayed, and I got them much cheaper."

The judges and witnesses looked confounded, but the issue was, that Richard Bewick was set free, and Charlie Bell condemned to be executed that night, with some others, at the tower of Peel. Buccleugh, however, having once taken Charlie's side, would not suffer him to be hanged, but ransomed him, knowing well that Charlie could repay him, and came security for him in all time coming. But he had better have let that alone, for Charlie had got such a way of stealing, he could not desist from it; and being now a *fouled* man, he got the blame of every thing, so that complaints came in so fast to Buccleugh about him, that after all he was obliged to order him to be executed.

#### TRUTH.

Adhere rigidly and undeviatingly to truth; but while you express what is true, express it in a pleasing manner. Truth is the picture, the manner is the frame that displays it to advantage.

If a man blends his angry passions with his search after truth, become his superior by suppressing yours, and attend only to the justness and force of his reasoning.

Truth, conveyed in austere and acrimonious language, seldom has a salutary effect, since we reject the truth, because we are prejudiced against the mode of communication. The heart must be won before the intellect can be informed.

A man may betray the cause of truth by his unseasonable zeal, as he destroys its salutary effect by the acrimony of his manner. Whoever would be a successful instructor must first become a mild and affectionate friend.

He who gives way to angry invective, furnishes a strong presumption that his cause is bad, since truth is best supported by dispassionate argument. The love of truth, refusing to associate itself with the selfish and dissocial passions, is gentle, dignified, and persuasive.

The understanding may not be long able to withstand demonstrative evidence, but the heart which is guarded by prejudice and passion, is generally proof against argumentative reasoning; for no person will perceive truth when he is unwilling to find it.

Many of our speculative opinions, even those which are the result of laborious research, and the least liable to

disputation, resemble rarities in the cabinet of the curious, which may be interesting to the possessor, and to a few congenial minds, but which are of no use to the world.

Many of our speculative opinions cease to engage attention, not because we are agreed about their truth or fallacy, but because we are tired of the controversy. They sink into neglect, and in a future age their utility or absurdity is acknowledged, when they no longer retain a hold on the prejudices and passions of mankind.—*Mackenzie's Literary Varieties.*

#### SONG.

[BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.]

Oh! the gowan's in the glen, and the winter is awa',  
And through the budding birken tree the simmer breezes blaw,  
And my heart's wi' my lassie, though my lassie's gane frae me—  
Oh! my heart is wi' my lassie, for whare else could it be?

Why did she leave the hawthorn vale, for the city's glitt'ring show?

She's no like to the city dames—they're no like her, ah! no!  
Their looks are fu' o' worldly pride, but soul is in her e'e,  
And ye've got a blink o' beauty, gin ye my lassie see!

And it's—Oh! w! her to wander far frae the city's din,  
Whare the bonnie streams meander—the singin' burnies rin—  
Whare the laverock is piping his music in the cluds,  
And the blackbird is pouring his wild notes in the woods!

Oh! her love is ever true, and her heart is ever warm,  
And her smile to nature's loveliness, it adds another charm!

Oh! the gowan's in the glen, and the lily's on the lea,  
And my heart is wi' my lassie—whare'er my lassie be!

—*Border Magazine.*

#### A SETTLER'S CLEARING.

A SETTLER at a place called Bon Accord, township of Nichol, in Upper Canada, has written a letter to a friend in Scotland, which has been published in the *Aberdeen Herald*, and contains the following account of the mode in which the ground was first cleared; also some other matters of interest.

"Fancy to yourself a close forest of trees, of all sorts and sizes, from the tender sapling of a yard in height, to the majestic elm, five or six feet through, and perhaps twenty feet in circumference at three feet from the ground. How would you proceed to ease the ground encumbered by such vegetable giants, and make it to produce bread for yourself and family? Perhaps there may be one hundred trees, from six inches through to the size before mentioned, upon every acre. When I arrived here, none of us thought we could begin the world unless we could get these Yankees or Canadian choppers to clear us five acres at least. I for one was severely burned, as the saying is, by contracting with them to get five acres cleared by the 15th May 1838; and at 15th June I had but one acre and a half ready to receive seed. I sowed an acre with oats; they never ripened, and I sold the straw for the price of the seed and labour. I thus lost a whole year. I planted about half an acre with potatoes. These paid me well, and this was all the benefit I had from my farm during the second season of my sojourn. My chopper, who was a Canadian, 'cleared out,' as it is termed (that is, absconded), in the month of July, leaving three acres to finish. I had to hire a person in whom I had some confidence to clear two of these acres in time for the fall crop, and the remaining one for spring. He did so honourably. He was an Englishman, and had a good deal of work from the settlers here on account of fulfilling his engagements. From the experience of myself and friends, I give my plain candid opinion on this matter, when I say to the emigrant newly come amongst us, beware of attempting to clear more than you have any rational prospect of finishing in time for the season of sowing or planting. Two acres well cleared are worth five acres indifferently finished; and if you can set about it by the first or second week of July, you may get two acres nearly ready to receive fall wheat. Should you attempt seven acres, unless you have a strong force and plenty of dollars, it is ten to one but you will fail of being ready in time; and if the spring is as backward as I have seen it, you would be too late for cropping then. Now, if you can get two or two and a half acres sown with fall wheat the first autumn you are in the woods, and get half an acre cleared for potatoes by the 15th or 20th May, which may be quite practicable, and perhaps another half acre cleared by 20th June for turnips, I maintain there is a rational prospect of your eating the produce of your own farm during the second year of your settlement, and have as much as bring you to the next crop; but bear in mind that, during the first year, you must buy in your provisions, or work for them. Go on clearing for fall wheat during the summer, and perhaps you may get four or five acres ready by the second autumn; and if you can get the stubble burned off when your first crop of fall wheat grows, by 20th or 25th May next year, you may get in a crop of barley without ploughing, and Timothy grass seed sown along with it, to give you a crop of hay during your third year. If you can get another acre or so cleared for potatoes, you will have some of them to dispose of after supplying yourself; and where turnips and potatoes grew the previous year, you may get spring wheat or oats sown the next. This may be a rational prospect of the fruits of your industry at the end of your third autumn or second harvest; and thus you may begin to feel yourself in a thriving way. This, however, brings me, in the third place, to speak upon the next matter for the emigrant's consideration—live stock. If he can possibly afford it, he must endeavour to procure a cow to begin the world with. During the summer months, a cow gets her meat in the forest without costing the owner a farthing for keep; and for the other six months, straw and turnips will be advantageous, but tops of trees, felled down for the purpose, seem to be the food they are instinctively inclined to prefer. The last, of course, costs the farmer the trouble of chopping them down; but as he may be engaged in doing so for the purpose of clearing, he thus 'kills two dogs with one bone.' Clearing can scarcely be carried on without the

assistance of a yoke of oxen; but unless the emigrant can buy food for them, I would not recommend him to purchase these during the first autumn, but rather hire a man and a yoke to assist him when and where necessary, and he may have some more encouragement to buy a yoke during the following year, with the prospect of having some food growing for them. You will understand that I have been writing about the bush farming, as it is called, and taking it for granted that I am addressing an intending emigrant who is possessed of a moderate share of the 'needful.' In fact, supposing he had a considerable amount with him, still he will be nothing the worse of adopting the plan I have laid down. Were it possible to get a small cleared farm to commence upon, it would perhaps be more advantageous to the emigrant. A good neighbourhood and good society are of immense advantage in Canada, and therefore, in such neighbourhoods, cleared farms are rarely to be fallen in with. I consider that Mr Middleton (a gentleman leaving your place for this township), when he arrives here, will be very comfortable compared to what we were on our arrival. A house is already raised, which I have to get roofed and floored previous to his arrival. He will have two or three acres in crop this spring, and at least three acres of land ready to receive fall crop. It was cleared two years ago, and will have to be ploughed. Here is one advantage of an emigrant having a trustworthy friend before him in whose judgment he can confide; but there is a danger, after all, in the emigrants being frightened at the woods; and this, of course, is not very pleasant to the feelings of an agent, who may have done all he possibly could for the advantage of his friend.

I now finish my letter by giving my opinion on the subject as a whole. If a man has firmness, patience, and fortitude, combined with perseverance and prudence, he will, in the course of a very few years, be quite comfortable—I might say independent, even supposing he should set himself down in the bush, at a considerable distance from neighbours; but if he could get the chance of a farm with four or five acres cleared upon it, I would recommend him to fix upon such in preference to one completely wild, unless he is careless of what sort of neighbours he may be likely to have about him."

#### WIT.

As true wit generally consists in the resemblance and congruity of ideas, false wit chiefly consists in the resemblance and congruity sometimes of single letters, as in anagrams, chronograms, lipograms, and acrostics; sometimes of words, as in puns and quibbles; and sometimes of whole sentences or poems, cast into the figures of eggs, axes, or altars. Nay, some carry the notion of wit so far, as to ascribe it even to external mimicry; and to look upon a man as an ingenious person, that can resemble the tone, posture, or face of another.—*Addison.*

#### A CONTRADICTION IN DESIRES.

We are for lengthening our span of life in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is composed. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and next quarter-day. The politician would be contented to lose three years in his life, could he place things in the posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to strike out of his existence all the moments that are to pass away before the happy meeting. Thus, as fast as our time runs, we should be very glad in most parts of our lives, that it ran much faster than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands; nay, we wish away whole years, and travel through time as through a country filled with many wild and empty wastes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little settlements or imaginary points of rest which are dispersed up and down in it.—*The same.*

#### EFFECTS OF MUSIC.

The effect of music on the senses was oddly and wonderfully verified, during the mourning for the Duke of Cumberland, uncle of George III.: a tailor had a great number of black suits, which were to be finished in a very short space of time. Among his workmen there was a fellow who was always singing "Rule Britannia," and the rest of the journeymen joined in the chorus. The tailor made his observations, and found that the slow time of the tune retarded the work; in consequence, he engaged a blind fiddler, and, placing him near the workshop, made him play constantly the lively tune of "Nancy Dawson." The design had the desired effect; the tailors' elbows moved obedient to the melody, and the clothes were sent home within the prescribed period.—*Scrap-book.*

#### LETTER-WRITING.

A French wife wrote this affectionate and laconic letter to her husband:—"Je vous écris parceque je n'ai rien à faire: Je finis, parceque je n'ai rien à dire."—I write to you, because I have nothing to do: I end my letter, because I have nothing to say.

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